

GLORIA'S ROMANCE

From the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name Produced by George Kleine, Starring MISS BILLIE BURKE. Scenario and Novelization by Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes.

FIFTEENTH EPISODE THE MURDERER AT BAY

Pierpont STAFFORD cherished his majestic country place partly because it furnished him an ample solitude. He could wander about it for hours and meet never a soul. And he could look down on the tremendous power of the Hudson River, admiring its strength as one strong man does another.

He asked few persons to visit him, and those few only when the mood moved him. In his everyday life as a man of big affairs he met so many people and was so pointed out when he walked the streets that he acquired a kind of shyness in his hours of leisure.

He was touched in a tender spot when he heard that his scapegrace daughter Gloria had invited three guests to make his sacred retreat their more or less permanent home. She had not consulted him, and the guests were the last people in the world he would have invited. It was nice enough for Gloria to take pity on a poor waiter and his forlorn child. It was sweet of her to adopt the child. Pierpont had even forgiven her for compelling him to hunt employment for the waiter. But then what followed? Gloria invited the boy's almost hopelessly invalid mother and the boy and the father to make themselves at home in Pierpont's own sanctuary! That was far more than too much.

"This has got to stop, and I'm going to stop it," Pierpont stormed to Dr. Royce, who had, at Gloria's command, transported the three to Pierpont's country place.

Royce smiled. Pierpont grew more furious.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of her just because she is only a child. She's got to obey me and get rid of them."

"Tell her so, sir," said Royce, amused at the old man's helpless utterance.

"Oh, I'll tell her!" Pierpont swore. "Where is she?"

No one knew. Royce suggested that she had probably gone to the country place to see her new playmates. So Pierpont motored out with Royce. He told Royce that he would really have to get rid of the unwelcome guests, if only to prove to Gloria that she was not yet absolute boss of the family.

"That victory will be worth going miles to see," said Royce.

They reached the country place, only to find that Gloria had not been seen nor heard of. Her three guests were there, however, installed for a long stay. The butler was so horrified at having a waiter's family to wait on that he offered his notice.

Pierpont decided to evict the waiter's family and save the butler. He would do it at once, before Gloria got home. He stalled forth like a comical with a writ of eviction.

The boy Stas caught sight of him and ran and swung his arms about his neck and began to tell him of the wonders of his own country place, of trees and flowers and birds and animals—commonplace things to Pierpont, but miracles to the boy from the slums. Casimir had gathered an armload of flowers for his sick wife, and he was aglow with the feeling that she was better already.

Pierpont had a great deal of Gloria's impulsiveness and a great deal of her abounding tenderness. He lost his temper in flashes, but his charity burned steadily and deeply, and now Stas had won his heart. He could not unclasp that child's arms. In fact, he lifted Stas to his arm and held him there while he told the butler he could leave without notice if he did not like the guests of the house. Also Pierpont told Royce that he must take particular care of Casimir's wife. Royce laughed at the old man's complete collapse and said:

"It's a pity Gloria isn't here to see you. I wonder where on earth she is."

"She's somewhere she oughtn't to be, that's sure," Pierpont growled as he stared at his section of the Hudson, where, fighting against the current, a little tug was visible, towing an old canal barge loaded to the water line. Then he added: "She's probably on that barge now, adopting the bargeman's family."

He could imagine nothing more extravagantly impossible to say than that. And yet, the truth kept pace with his extravagance. For Gloria was indeed even then on board just such a barge being towed upstream by just such a tug. Only Gloria was not adopting the bargeman's family. She was being adopted by it. She was a prisoner and her life was in pawn.

Gloria's curiosity as to one problem was solved. She had found out that her vision of Frenau's murder was not a delirium. She had seen the assassin and heard him accused by his own daughter. One trouble with satisfying curiosity is that every curiosity satisfied opens up new curiosities. Gloria now was frantic to know why Gideon Trask killed Frenau and how Trask's daughter was involved in the crime. Next, she was curious to know how she was to escape with her knowledge, once she had it.

When Trask heard Gloria's voice over his shoulder accusing him of the crime he was denying, he whirled as if an angel had spoken with the voice of conscience. An angel would have been hardly more surprising than the look of Gloria on the stairway of the barge.

Trask had no idea of Gloria's identity. He could not imagine who she was, whence she had come, or why she accused him. He stood transfixed a moment, then moved toward her with menace. Gloria retreated up the steps, but he leaped at her and dragged her down and seized her by the throat, as he had seized Frenau.

She tried to scream, but she could not make a sound. Neil attempted to restrain her father, but he turned on her with terror and wrath: "If she gets away, I go to the chair!"

He might have throttled her then and there, but there was a jolt, the barge shook as the towline dragged it along, and down the hatchway came the voice of Trask's helper, Jedd.

The look of Gloria, against the

hatchway and warned her that if she made a sound it would be her last. He would wring her neck and throw her into the river.

Gloria covered in utter dread of him and remembered the fate of her lover, whose body the same stream had received and kept for days.

When Trask stamped up the cabin stairs and hanged the hatchway down Gloria studied the girl. She had been beautiful, and still was pretty, but too sad. Just now she was angry.

Neil had been fighting against her father till this unknown woman appeared from nowhere. Neil was all for her father against the world.

Gloria spoke to her, questioned her about Frenau. Neil did not answer at all, only in stammering monosyllables. Gloria tried to bribe Neil to let her escape. Gloria offered larger and larger sums till Neil would have been dashed if she had been convinced. At last she spoke:

"Say, who do you think you are? The Dime Savings Bank? And who do you think I am? I ain't on auction. If your father had all the money you're makin' up he has, do you think you could buy my father with it? No!"

Gloria liked her better for that, but she was none the less determined to escape if she could. She talked no more. But she thought harder than ever before.

Neil went on getting her father's supper at the little stove, clattering the pans and jabbing the fire with the poker angrily.

Gloria had often dreamed up the Hudson on her father's yacht. This was her first voyage on a canal barge. The place was extremely unlike her father's yacht, but the savor of the fryer and the savor of the democratic hunger. When Trask came back, however, his cold eyes took her appetite away. But not his own; she felt that he was half insane, a relentless fanatic on a wild crusade.

His eyes kept rolling in her direction. He found her so mysterious that he was afraid of her. He remembered the loneliness of that winter night by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. He remembered the appearance of Frenau alone and no other human being in view. His very hands remembered the death grasp they took on Frenau's throat.

He smiled. That was one good deed, at least, he told himself.

But he could not imagine how this girl could have seen him. How could he guess that she had sat at her window with binoculars to her eyes and watched the whole tragedy. He began to grow superstitious. Gloria was apparently able to perform miracles. She wore the invisible cloak. Perhaps she would leave as mysteriously as she had come.

Finally he grew brave enough to shout out at her: "Who are you? What was Frenau to you?"

Gloria knew that any one who blusters is likely to be weak, so she answered coldly: "Never mind who I am. The main thing is, who are you and what was Frenau to you?"

The very name Frenau seemed to madden Trask. He emitted a loud yell of hate and derision and left the table. He moved toward Gloria, but changed his mind or deferred his purpose and went up the stairs, closing the hatch and fastening it above. There was nothing reassuring in his last look at Gloria.

Neil was clearing up the table when she saw that Gloria was faint with hunger or terror. She offered Gloria the remnants of the supper. Gloria was glad to eat it. She felt that she would need what strength she would acquire. Her wits were dancing as she tried to think out a means of escape.

She thought and thought while Neil cleared the table. She offered to help Neil and was permitted to aid in the work when the last dish was removed to the wash basin Gloria and Neil took opposite ends of the coarse tablecloth. When it was folded twice the two girls began to bring the two ends together.

Neil stopped short at the proper moment; Gloria went toward her. The solution came to her in a flash. Instead of putting the two ends of the tablecloth in Neil's fingers, she suddenly whipped the cloth over her head, brought it down around her elbows and, after a furious struggle, forced Neil back into a chair and knotted the tablecloth corners under the table. She snatched a pair of dish towels from the wall and tied Neil's feet to the legs of the chair.

Neil fought like a mad woman in a straitjacket, but the knots held. Gloria was out of breath, but she was proud as Punch over her victory. She stood up panting and exclaimed: "Well!"

So far so good. But there was still Trask to settle with. Jedd, also, had noticed Neil poking up the fire in the little stove. Now Neil was quiet, and down it was sent like a bomb. She ran to the stove, lifted the lid and set the poker in the red coals. It was a grand idea and she was really mattingly enthusiastic. Gloria heard somebody working at the hatch before the poker had attained as much bluish as a hardened sinner feels on his cheeks when he has made a mistake.

She heard Trask's footstep. She could see his feet on the stairway. She stared at the poker and whispered: "Hurry up."

Trask paused to call Jedd, then he began to come down the stairway. Gloria was stupefied to see how much there was of him. His face appeared



WITH A RED-HOT POKER GLORIA CONFRONTED TRASK.

last of all and it appalled her. He carried a rope in his hand. Trask did not see Gloria at first. But he caught sight of the animated bolster in the rocking chair and it frightened him. He started back, but a muffled shriek came from the depths. "Pa! Pa! It's me! She did it!"

Trask understood that the witch woman had performed another of her

feats and he was sure that he was under the voodoo. Then he saw Gloria standing by the stove. She looked so small and so timid that he regained courage. He roared at Gloria and moved toward Neil. Gloria cried: "Stand back!"

Trask was so astonished by her impudence that he laughed. "Why, you little dirty pullet, I'll tie you up and 'rop you in the river."

"Oh, you will!" said Gloria. She snatched the poker from the fire. Trask laughed at it. She hit the table with it and sparks flew. She rubbed it on the wooden top of the table and smoke arose. There was a hissing sound. Trask shuddered. Gloria jabbed at him with her red-hot poker. He could feel the searing pain of it before it reached him. Gloria was a trifle concealed over her

success. And now, what next? She saw the rope in his hand. He had brought it to tie her with. The next idea came. She gloated a trifle. "You thought you would tie me up, did you? Well, you can just tie yourself up!"

Trask could hardly believe that any one would be cruel enough to inflict such an insulting injury. But Gloria's

Gloria snatched the poker from the fire. Trask laughed at it. She hit the table with it and sparks flew. She rubbed it on the wooden top of the table and smoke arose. There was a hissing sound. Trask shuddered. Gloria jabbed at him with her red-hot sword.

arguments were poked. With the poker, if Trask had been more intelligent and less confused, and had known how he might have tied himself up as the cabinet tricksters do—so that he could slip out easily. But this was beyond him at the time, and Gloria was vigilant.

She made him fasten the rope around a stanchion there, knelt in about one wrist, then passed it around him till he looked like a package of Gloria's own tying. The last knots she attended to herself, and the poker on a plate within easy reach, and knotted, and knotted, and knotted. Trask gnashed his teeth with rage, but he could not budge. He yelled just once, then he seized a dish towel, whirled it into a coil and gagged him so that he could not even gnash his teeth.

Gloria heard footsteps along the deck overhead. Probably Jedd was coming down. The poker was cold. There was no time for reheating it. Something must be done at once. She put out the lamp that Neil had lighted, she set at the foot of the stairs a wicker rocker, she laid it on its side and fell back to await developments.

Jedd came down the stairs in the dark. As he left the last step he put his foot in the wicker rocker as in a trap, and when he hit that at last it was like hitting a huge rubber band. The ax bounced out of her hands and just escaped falling into the river. She picked it up and chopped at the hammer where it was wound. Every third or fourth blow hit the cable and severed a few strands. And finally the rope gave and flew. The barge quivered at its release from the tension and the tug, suddenly unbraked from its load, jumped forward and sent the crew sprawling.

Gloria ran to the tiller to steer her prize home. She was greatly disappointed when she heard the yell from the tug and saw that the pilot already was making ready to recapture the barge as soon as he could take in the hammer. Also she could faintly hear the howls of her cabin prisoners. If the tug men came aboard and released them, what would become of her? Gloria wondered.

Perhaps her own father was alarmed. (To Be Continued.)

The Sixteenth Episode in the Serial
"GLORIA'S ROMANCE"
Will Be Published SATURDAY, September 9

"Grip of Evil" Movie Actress Earns Title of Chameleon Girl



JACKIE SAUNDERS IN THE GRIP OF EVIL.

A change an hour in her costumes and a change a minute in her emotions are the record achieved by Jackie Saunders in playing the leading roles in "The Grip of Evil," the new Pathe photoplay in fourteen chapters, which will be shown, beginning next Monday, in leading photoplay houses in Greater New York. Miss Saunders can change her expression and her gowns so quickly that she has been called the "Chameleon Girl of the Screen."

One of Miss Saunders' admirers recently visited the Balboa studio in Long Beach, Cal., where "The Grip of Evil" pictures are being produced. "Had Jackie Saunders been the chameleon, that Scotch plaid would never have stamped her. I watched her for the past two hours, and in that time she has had three different costumes on and at least 120 emotions have registered themselves on her countenance," this visitor said. "I don't know how she does it."

The roles played by Miss Saunders in this production range from the daughter of the millionaire railroad

THE NEW PLAYS

"Fast and Grow Fat" A Rather Thin Farce

BY CHARLES DARNTON

FOOD material for the theatre? It is likely to interest us before and after the play, since we all have the common failing of being human; but is the deliberate loss of it funny enough to enliven us for three acts?

Frankly, I cannot share the evident faith of George Broadhurst, whose latest output, "Fast and Grow Fat," founded on a story by Frank R. Adams, proved to be a rather thin farce at the Globe Theatre last night.

Unfortunately, perhaps, it came at a time when the question of food is a serious one to the country at large. But the present situation cannot possibly affect the play. The fact is that this food-farce lacks the flavor of real humor.

Only a fat man yearning to be thin could have been interested in the exceedingly full opening act of Mr. Broadhurst's farce. A young woman with a weakness for reading magazine articles had arranged to have the food supply of an island shut off for a week in the belief that this period of fasting would be beneficial to every one who had the misfortune to figure in her unhappy experiment. The greatest sufferer from this inhospitable arrangement was a fat dramatic critic with a large appetite.

Frank McIntyre filled this part, while Roy Atwell served as a physical comedy man. With the "reaction," Miss Sears became genuinely amusing, especially when she refused to go to bed and sat up, saying how happy she would be if she had a son that looked like her. That made the fat dramatic critic roar with laughter when the hungry men came downstairs in pajamas to forage for cigarettes and food and were discovered by the young woman, who rigidly enforced her fasting system.

But the fun was never fast enough to keep the farce going at the proper speed, and the characters were drawn so sketchily that the actors could scarcely be expected to make much of them. It was Mr. McIntyre's natural humor that made the fat dramatic critic amusing. The part of a colored cook was overplayed by Nellie Filmore. In the same way, Myrtle McCarthy was led to exaggerate the character of the linenman.

At best, "Fast and Grow Fat" is nothing more than a half-portion farce.

Every episode of "The Grip of Evil" requires Miss Saunders to make from five to twenty changes of costume.

So heavy is the demand for tickets to the Hippodrome that the box office will be kept open all day to-morrow (Sunday). Yesterday the show was shortened by the elimination of the lion act, the dancing, baseball game and Frank Rogers' monologues.

Three famous singers, Mary Garden, Maria Kousneff and Marthe Chenal, have been singing in Paris and donating their entire salaries to charity.

Albert Spalding, violinist, will open his season Monday at the Auditorium, Ocean Grove, with Rudolf Ganz, pianist.

The first of the Sunday night concerts at the Manhattan Opera House will be Sept. 10. Chevalier Oscar Spirelli will direct the orchestra of seventy. Leo Ornstein, Louis Siegel and Mme. Ponarova will be the soloists. Russian and French music will be prominent, and many works as yet unheard in America are promised during the season.

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"The Crimson Stain Mystery" Film Play Story for Evening World



ETHEL GRANDIN IN THE CRIMSON STAIN MYSTERY.

"The Crimson Stain Mystery," the new sixteen-episode serial motion picture story written by Albert Payson Terhune and pictured by the Erigraph Company for the Consolidated Film Corporation, will be published serially in The Evening World every Thursday, commencing Sept. 7, simultaneously with the release of the first episode in the early part of September.

This is a story of a great discovery gone wrong. A famous scientist makes a biological discovery which he believes will improve the mental faculties of the human race. Tested upon a few subjects, this element reacts, making them relentless murderers. This band of arch criminals is led by one Pierre Le Rue, and so well do they cover up their tracks that there is no clue to their identity excepting the ante-mortem statement of one of the victims that the leader has a criminal stain in his eyes. The entire sixteen episodes are taken up with the adventures of Harold Stanley, son of the owner of the New York Express, and Florence Montrose.

The characters of Harold Stanley and Florence Montrose are interpreted by Maurice Costello and Ethel Grandin. The role of Harold Stanley gives Mr. Costello limitless opportunities to risk life and limb.

Miss Grandin has had a wide and varied experience in motion picture. The role of Florence Montrose gives Miss Grandin the greatest opportunity of her career. Others in the cast are Olga Olova, Thomas J. McGrane, Eugene Strong, William H. Cavanaugh and N. J. Thompson.

The Consolidated Film Corporation has inaugurated a scenario writing contest, the prizes for which are thirteen six cylinder, \$5-6 1917 model Overland automobiles. The United States will be divided into thirteen zones and each zone is allotted an automobile. The contest consists of the submission of the best idea of a crime, based on the characters, mysteries and situations in "The Crimson Stain Mystery." The contest closes Aug. 1, 1917.